

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

MRS. L. L. POLK, Proprietor. J. L. RAMSEY, Editor. CLARENCE H. POE, Associate Editor. J. W. DENMARK, Business Mgr.

SUBSCRIPTION Single Subscriber, One Year, \$1.50. Five Subscribers, One Year, \$7.50. One copy one year free, to the one sending Club of Ten.

To Correspondents: Write all communications, designed for publication, on one side of the paper only. We want intelligent correspondents in every county in the State.

The editor is not responsible for the views of correspondents.

RALEIGH, N. C., NOV. 30, 1897.

This paper entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in Raleigh, N. C.

The Progressive Farmer is the Official Organ of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance

Do you want your paper changed to another office? State the one at which you have been getting it.

Our friends in writing to any of our advertisers will favor us by mentioning the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

The date on your label tells you when your time is out.



I am standing now just behind the curtain, and in full glow of the coming sunset. Behind me are the shadows on the track, before me lies the dark valley and the river. When I mingle with its dark waters I want to cast one lingering look upon a country whose government is of the people, for the people, and by the people.

N. R. P. A.

To anyone not now a subscriber we will send The Progressive Farmer every week until Jan 1, 1899 for only one dollar.

This is dirt cheap and we ought to have 10,000 new subscribers at once. Unlike some other papers, we have no campaign fund at our backs to enable us to hire a travelling agent.

The paper has stood by you and your interest. It managers have made sacrifices to keep the paper going to some of the readers. And now if you appreciate these kind acts, if you are grateful for them, prove it by this little action. We will thank you for this little work in your own interest. Shall we hear from you?

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER Raleigh, N. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At Atlanta, Ga., December 14th, a convention of Southern cotton growers is to be held.

The peanut crop in Virginia and North Carolina is reported to be not as good as usual.

The North Carolina State Baptist Convention meets in Oxford 9th to 15th of December.

There was a large attendance at the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference, held at Asheville, last week.

Please don't ask us to send a receipt for money on subscriptions. The label on your paper serves this purpose, and and if it is not changed within one month after you send your money, then notify us.

See the ad. of Raleigh Business University, and write them for further particulars. In addition to other advantages, their teacher of penmanship is said to be one of the fifty best pen men of the world.

Did you ever notice that these gold-bug organs that talk of prosperity all ways tell what times they are having in Washington or Illinois, and never attempt to explain why we are having "hard times" down South?

It looks rather strange to see the ads. of a company recognized almost everywhere as a fraud, now running in two of the State's leading religious weeklies. And still they boast of their freedom from humbug advertisements.

At the joint debate between Wake Forest and Trinity Colleges in Raleigh, on Thanksgiving Day, Wake Forest won. It is to be hoped that such debates will occur regularly hereafter, as it is a much more profitable exercise than is football.

When writing us, please don't forget to give us the names and addresses of your neighbors who might be induced to take THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. Five new subscribers at \$1 each or fifty cents and three dollars from new subscribers will secure a year's subscription for you.

MORE FRAUD DISCOVERED.

The ninety nine year lease provided that there shall be deposited by the Southern Railway Company, good collateral of the market value, at all times, of one hundred and seventy five thousand dollars, to secure the lease money to the North Carolina Railroad. Instead of depositing collateral, at all times convertible into money, the Southern Railroad has deposited a certain number of their own bonds—that is, their own promises to pay. In their reorganization of the Richmond and Danville they have issued one hundred and Twenty million of what they call "first consolidated mortgaged registered gold bonds."

It seems that these bonds have been quoted on the stock exchange as low down as seventy six. It is claimed that they are now quoted at eighty-two. It is believed by many good financiers that these bonds have no actual bona fide market value. It is believed that they are simply floated by Morgan and Company in the hope of unloading them upon investors. It is believed that they are really and actually worth little or nothing. The chances are that if this two hundred and twenty thousand par of stuff which they parade as their great grand "first consolidated mortgaged registered gold bonds" were advertised for sale by the North Carolina Railroad Company, they would not bring thirty cents on the dollar, unless Morgan and Company should step in and take them up in order to save their own credit.

And this is the trash that the Elias Carr Directors accepted as collateral to secure one hundred and seventy five thousand dollars to the State and to the North Carolina Railroad.

Look at it! The Southern Railroad Company promises to pay about two hundred thousand dollars a year for the North Carolina Railroad and to secure its own promise, gives as collateral another lot of its own promises.

A man gives his note for a thousand dollars then to secure it, he gives another one of his own notes executed by himself, for twelve hundred dollars. That is, if I do not pay my note, Mr. Creditor, then you sell the collateral. That is, I pay my note by giving you another note. That beats Macawber. The collateral scheme never struck him.

The Governor ought to request his Directors to call upon the Southern Railway to put cash registered United States bonds or North Carolina State bonds and to do it quick. This concern should be made to understand that they are now dealing with men who propose to look out for the State and its interests.

As a Nimrod we are not a success, and the only kind of bird we positively crave "to bring down" is a dead one, with wings extended on the top of some woman's 18-inch hat, and thus continually keeping the preacher or speaker from view, when we are in an audience. "Johnny, get your gun" is the only tune that inspires us then.

ACT WORTHY OF EMULATION.

We saw last Saturday a letter which read as follows:

RIDGEWAY, N. C., Nov. 24 '97 "T B Parker, S. B. A., Hillsboro, N. C. "DEAR SIR AND BRO:—Please find enclosed my check for \$25 on account of shoes to be furnished so soon as the shoe factory is well started."

Now we know Bro Graham is a modest man, but he will pardon us for saying just this: Brother Graham has

recently suffered a heavy loss by fire. Besides this we know he has given much time, labor and money in the service of the Alliance for which he has made no charge. O, for more John Grahams! He is a man worthy of emulation. If we have more such willing sacrificers, now is a good time for them to come to the front. Where are some of those who are indebted to the Alliance for the high salary and official honor they are now enjoying? Is it not a good time for them to report? Let us hear from you, brethren. We expect it; we have a right to. Do not disappoint us. Don't wait to be called out by name.

Great interest in the culture of sugar beets has now been aroused. The fever has struck North Carolina and a five hundred acre crop will be grown on the penitentiary lands on Ranoke river. This is merely an experiment, but it is to be hoped that it will prove successful as our farmer have stuck to the one crop system about long enough.

COLLATERAL AS IS COLLATERAL.

Farmer, (stepping into the bank).—"Mr. Banker, I am in a strait to day. Can't you help me out?"

Banker.—"Yes, Mr. Farmer, that's my business. Glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

Farmer.—"Well, Mr. Banker, I owe \$1,000, and the time is fast approaching when it must be paid, and I have been unable to see my way clear to meet the obligation until now. You, of course, will lend me the money."

Banker.—"Yes. We have money to lend, and will be glad to accommodate you. What collateral have you to put up?"

Farmer.—"Well Mr. Banker I will give you my note for the \$1,000 and will deposit in the bank another note, as security, for \$1,200."

Banker.—"Who signs the \$1,200 note, Mr. Farmer?"

Farmer.—"I do."

Banker, (with a sneer of contempt, shakes his head) "That will not do, Mr. Farmer."

Farmer.—"I see others can get accommodations on that kind of collateral."

Banker (raising excitedly)—"Who?" Farmer.—"Is not that identically the collateral put up by the Southern Railway Company to secure the payment of the 99 year lease of the North Carolina Railroad, and is it not good?"

Banker.—"You go to see Elias Carr and his Board of Directors"

Farmer walks out, scratches his head—"Well, well, wonder why farmers ain't good as other folks."

As will be seen from the Department of Agriculture's crop report for November the average yield of cotton in this State is 19 pounds more per acre than the average yield per acre in Texas. While the one crop North Carolina cotton farmers are so dependent, it may be encouraging to them to know that they have Texas for company.

SOME REMARKS.

In the News and Observer of last Wednesday, there appeared a communication entitled "Better Than Oratory." We don't care to write for said correspondent's especial benefit, but as there are men not a thousand miles from Raleigh who write just such silly nonsense as that correspondent, we wish to relieve our minds of a few burdensome thoughts.

In the first place, we will state for Mr. McIntosh's especial benefit that the editors of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER are neither white nor black. The editor in chief is red, and the associate editor is purple in cold weather and speckled in hot. So much for color.

If the Observer correspondent is as devoid of color as his letter is of truth then he is almost invisible, though if we were to judge by his letter we'd say he was "green."

Again the News and Observer's correspondent complains because we do not publish the sickening details of every revolting crime committed in this State. To this charge, we plead guilty. THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER has a circle of readers too refined to gloat over such scenes. And, we are glad to say, they are too "intelligent" to believe that dastardly wretches commit certain crimes because any particular party is in power. Yet there are men in this State, "men with intelligence enough to be editors," to use his own phrase—men prominent in the party which he says contains "the best most respectable and most intelligent people" who for political effect slander the State and honest men by making such silly and untrue charges.

We are not writing this for the benefit of any one man. The sentence "Neither do they (the editors of this paper) say much about free passes," proves that the correspondent in question knew little of what he was writing and will wager a cracked New Year's resolution against a jug of buttermilk that he hadn't seen a copy of this paper in twelve months.

Nevertheless, our observations may make good reading for others of this new sect of Pharisees.

AS TO THE FAIR.

Soon after the State Fair was held the Richmond Times' Raleigh correspondent wrote that paper as follows: "The fact that Vanderbilt took seventy premiums and the \$100 special prize at the Fair last week gives distinction. The argument is that the farmer who has a little spare cash puts forth every effort to make a creditable exhibit, hoping to be at least repaid by the premium money, and he has to compete for these premiums with a man who has unlimited cash to make his exhibit a perfect one. The Blue more exhibit could get all the diplomas and honorable mentions, but they think the cash prizes should go to the farmers" (Lancet our.)

These were our sentiments, and we promptly said so. Two great farms secured seventy or more premiums each at the last State Fair, and in last Tuesday's News and Observer the Secretary confessed that there were only about \$600 in prizes awarded to farmers using less than five horses. Now some seem to think that we object to these "great farmers" making exhibits. This is not the case. The Fair should show the best of the State's products, and without the exhibits of "Farmer Vanderbilt" and the best products of the far famed Oconeechee Farm, it could not do so. In fact, the State would not be fairly represented.

But it appears to us that, for the good of the Fair, if nothing else, the "small farmers" should have the first consideration.

In his letter to the News and Observer last Tuesday, the Secretary seems to think that the farmers using less than six horses did well to secure \$600 in premiums. Let us see. The Premium List of the State Fair shows that the premiums on farm and garden crops amounted to \$560; on horses, \$378; on cattle, \$667; on sheep, \$300; on swine, \$275; on poultry about \$350, and on horticultural products about \$130 (we don't guarantee these figures to be perfectly accurate). If the "small farmers" cut such a big figure it is rather strange they didn't get more premiums. But, say the managers, the premiums were not competed for, or owing to the small attendance at the Fair, couldn't be paid. Very well, that simply shows that the small farmers are not patronizing it, and the only reason we can give is that they are being choked out, or don't care to help out a fakir show.

Of course when our editor read the Secretary's letter in the News and Observer last Tuesday, he crawled into a hole and tried to pull the hole in after him. The above were a few of the facts he learned while there. There is just one other funny thing he discovered while in the hole. He found a copy of the Charlotte Observer of November 9th, and he found that its Raleigh correspondent had this to say: "In reply to criticisms for the giving of the \$100 special prize to George Vanderbilt, a great farmer, and the alleged discrimination against the small farmers, the officers of the State Fair say that if they depended upon the small farmers they would hardly get a wagon load of exhibits at the Fair; that they offered the big prize to induce large farmers to compete, such as Vanderbilt, Carr, Wolf and Bagwell. They say further that every small farmer who made exhibits in Department A took a premium."

"If they depended upon the small farmers they would hardly get a wagon load of exhibits at the Fair." That's good, but it appears to the best advantage only when placed by the side of Secretary Nichols' statement that the "small farmers" won \$600 in premiums. If a wagon load of exhibits gets \$600 in premiums—well, to use the Secretary's own words "In the language of Shakespeare, 'Lord, Lord!'"

This tells how we stand, and we have now given about as much space to this question as it deserves. Our columns, however are open to all for discussion of it. We have objected more to the immorality of the Fair in general than to the discrimination against small farmers. The State should have a Fair, but we object to its paying \$1,500 to help out a fakir show. That's all.

QUILL DRIVERS.

What They are Saying and Doing.

A country editor, writing of the financial situation, says: "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

The North Carolina Odd Fellow is a new Raleigh journal, and is the organ of the I. O. O. F. in North Carolina. Mr. I. R. Barnes is editor. Success to it.

The editor of one of our exchanges was asked: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find one or more of them keeled over to rise no more." The editor replied: "The fowls are dead. It is an old complaint, and nothing can be done except to bury them."

The editor of the Boone Democrat claims to be the champion consumer of

"buckwheat cakes and lasses." Several of the younger editors seem to like the last mentioned article—without the apostrophe before it.

The wicked editors are not all dead. There's the editor of the Greenville, Tenn., News, for instance. He says he has respect for religion, loves sacred songs, and likes to know that a Christian enjoys his professions, but when he attends church and hears a delinquent subscriber of several months' standing who is able to pay, joining in the chorus, "Jesus Paid It All," he feels like going over with a cane and giving him a receipt in full.

A paper down in South Georgia recently remarked that although the late General Avery was an editor, yet he was a real gentleman. The Montgomery Advertiser tells a story of the same nature. An editor went in a barber's shop to be shaved. This done, he inquired the charges. "We don't never charge editors nothin', sah," replied the barber. "But you can't carry on your business unless you charge for it," persisted the editor. "Dat's all right, sah," replied the darkey, "we nakes it up off'n gentlemen."

A preacher down in Georgia has no great faith in the honesty of editors as a class. That he is, however, too sharp for thieves, is proven by an anecdote of him related in the Atlanta Constitution. Finding the weather too warm, he pulled off his coat and preached in his shirt sleeves. The sermon finished, a good brother, thinking an editor who was present would make a sensation of the incident, said to the parson: "I don't suppose you knew, when you pulled off your coat to day, that one of them newspaper fellers was in meetin'?" "Yes, I did," replied the preacher, "but I had my eye on it all the time!"

There was once a member of the Indiana legislature who had an experience with an editor that he didn't forget soon, if the Washington Star's report of the occurrence, is correct. The M. L. drew his chair up close to the editor's desk on the morning in question. "Could you," said he, "put in the paper that I am at the Galt House with my bride, and just fling in some thing about my being a prominent Indianian? I don't care anything about this sort of a thing myself, but you know how the women are. I want fifty copies of the paper sent to this address." He laid down \$2.50 in gold cash, grinned, got red in the face, and with a "Good morning," vanished. Next morning the paper contained this notice: "Mr. John H. Huckleberry requests us to say that he is at the Galt House with his bride; that he is a prominent member of the legislature of Indiana; and that he himself, personally, cares nothing about newspaper notoriety, but that a society note would be highly gratifying to Mrs. Huckleberry. He added that he wanted fifty copies of the paper for distribution to his constituents."

We notice in the dailies of Sunday, 28th inst., a report of a terrible affair near Wilmington. A negro, accused of murdering a white man on Thanks giving Day, was taken from the sheriff and chained between two pine trees in the forest. Lightwood was then piled around him and he was burned to death. At this writing (Monday 29th) the report has not been contradicted.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

There are at least 10,000 homes in North Carolina, to which THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER does not go, but to which it should go each week to add cheer and brightness. Believing that when once an intelligent North Carolina realizes its value he will not willingly part with it, and therefore wishing to begin the year 1898 with 10,000 new subscribers, we have decided to make an offer as liberal as it is rare. It is this:

To anyone who will send us \$5 in new subscriptions to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER we will give a year's subscription. Anyone who will send \$3 in new subscriptions we will credit with a six month's subscription.

This offer needs no comment. It is made solely in the hope of winning the influence of these not now subscribers and those making the paper a more powerful agent for good. Here is a way to help yourself and at the same time, make your neighbors happy by putting the "Cheapest and Best" North Carolina paper into their homes. "Strike while the iron is hot." Remember that our "until Jan 1, 1899, for \$1" offer is now in force and those who subscribe this week get it 12 months for \$1. Write us for samples and subscription blanks to day.

Mr. I. P. Upchurch, of Wake county called in to renew his subscription a few days ago and left at this office an ear of corn which is quite a curiosity. We said an ear of corn, but rather there is a group of ears—one ear of moderate size; and around it six smaller ears, all seven ears being on one cob. The largest ear is the centre of the circle, the grouping resembling that seen in flowers—the six small ears representing the petals.

A VALUABLE FIND.

A wonderful discovery has recently been made in Egypt, near the river Nile, and two young Englishmen are the discoverers. The discoveries and the discoveries are entertainingly talked of in a recent issue of the Youth's Companion. It says:

The buried and long forgotten city of Oxyrhynchus, in the Valley of the Nile, has yielded up one of the most precious bits of ancient manuscript ever discovered. It is but a single leaf from a book, the rest of which is probably forever lost. It is barely larger than a postal card, and is mutilated and decayed with age; and much of the writing originally upon it cannot be deciphered. Yet this fragment of papyrus is the oldest known record of the life and sayings of Jesus Christ. It is certainly quite a century more ancient than any existing copy of any book of the New Testament. The writing, which is in Greek, contains eight sayings, called Logia, attributed to Jesus. We are told that the Apostle Matthew compiled these logia in Hebrew. It is supposed that we now have a part of the Greek version of them, transcribed sometime about the year 200 of the present era. Such a compilation, the leading critics have long maintained underlies our present Gospel of Saint Matthew. A translation of the sayings has been published. For the most part they bear a close resemblance to passages in the Gospels as we know them. In one of the logia there is a stronger injunction to observe the Sabbath than is contained in any part of the New Testament; and one passage—"Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and I am there"—may give rise to theological controversy."

LETTER FROM BRO GRAHAM.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer. RIDGEWAY, N. C., Nov. 24, 1897.

Alliancem of North Carolina.

DEAR BROTHERN:—Your Executive Committee has, to the best of its ability, carried out the instructions of the late State Alliance. Your factory is about to start, and funds are necessary for its successful operation. You have been patient, and many of you have been very liberal, but now is the time that the earnest aid of every true Alliancoman is needed. Let every County and Subordinate Alliance send to our Business Agent all the money that can be raised to push our factory now. Send your orders for shoes with your money, and Bro. Parker will fill them as soon as possible. God helps those who help themselves.

You must have faith in the integrity of your officers. They are worthy of it. Your manager, Mr. W. O. Roberts is an experienced manufacturer of shoes. He intends to furnish you good shoes, made of good material. We cannot compete in the manufacture of cheap shoddy shoes, nor do we intend to make the effort, believing that you want a good, honest substantial shoe. Let every brother who is able send an order, accompanied by the cash, for as many pairs of shoes as he can dispose of to his family, friends, or tenants. Let the money roll in, and Bro. Parker and Roberts will roll out the shoes. Your reserve fund will be kept intact.

Fraternally yours, JOHN GRAHAM.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Henry Ward Beecher to his son:

"You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing."

"Make few promises. Religiously observe the smallest. A man who means to keep his promises can't afford to make many."

"Be scrupulously careful in all state ments. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth."

"Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Satisfaction is fatal."

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else."

"Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering."

"Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year."

"The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing. In this country any intelligent young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient."